

White Album 2 Omake

After the Festival ~Setsuna's Thirty Minutes~

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Notes

- It is recommended that this story be read after having listened to the drama CD, *Before The Festival ~The Two's 24 Hours~* / 祭りの前 ~ふたりの 24 時間~
- It is recommended that this story be read after playing "WHITE ALBUM 2 -introductory chapter" **twice**, as there are events that overlap between the story and the chapter.
- In the PS3 version, this story is unlocked by listening to the voice drama, *Before The Festival ~The Two's 24 Hours~* / 祭りの前 ~ふたりの 24 時間~.

Setsuna's Thirty Minutes

"You really are so boring..."

"It's like you're just asking for it..."

——!?

That moment...

Kazusa leaned over just a little bit.

Her long black hair wavered to cover his face.

To cover the spectacle when their two faces met.

That scene was burned into Setsuna's eyes, standing a few meters away from the door.

"...! Ha... ahhh..."

Setsuna could hear the grief and hardship in her voice.

"I-I'm sorry... I'm sorry, Kitahara... I kissed you..."

And at the same time, the burning sensation she had began to light up furiously.

"I... can't be with you, you know?"

Her best friend... no, Kazusa was only one step away from being on the best terms with her friend...

"..... no, that's wrong. I'm sorry. I'm the worst..."

Because Kazusa felt something unbelievable as a girl.

"Haruki-kun?"

Several minutes afterward...

In the second music room, the only place completely forgotten by the liveliness of the school festival.

"Haruki, kun..."

Setsuna stood just where Kazusa was, in the same pose.

The remnants of the setting sun weakly passed through the window.

But probably, in less than ten minutes even that flame would be put out, burying itself within the night.

"Mmm... zzz..."

It was as if Haruki hadn't noticed Setsuna gazing upon him ever so closely.

But that was natural. After all, he'd been working since yesterday, no, for the past several days, to polish his guitar skills, and to help Kazusa with her cold. And to cheer up Setsuna, he worked alone without even sleeping.

But, Setsuna's presence wasn't the only thing he hadn't noticed.

The girl who ran out of the classroom... who she should have reconciled with this morning, cuddling up, and sleeping together...

— — *Touma, san.*

She hadn't noticed Setsuna because she was so shaken up.

Because she was so focused on that one feeling she had.

Because she unexpectedly said, "*I'm not that strong*".

... and probably because, she didn't care much for Setsuna.

— *That's not how it is at all... Touma-san...*

Those words spilled out, having said them before, yet this time they were filled with much stronger emotions.

"Zzz... zzz..."

It was bitter for Haruki to be carelessly sleeping through this.

But in actuality, Kazusa also had those same feelings several minutes ago, sympathizing with him, and the intense and complex feelings that followed coursed through her entire body.

Setsuna could now understand how Kazusa felt.

Because they fell asleep together this morning.

Quelling their dispute, the two cuddled up like best friends.

They should have been able to understand each other that moment.

Even if this one guy happened to be running around, he was the key to their friendship, and it should have been possible to discover what their feelings were.

— *Why is it now... now, of all times?*

But, after half the day passed...

In just half a day, the balance that Setsuna created for the three of them didn't hold, and collapsed.

That wasn't Kazusa's fault. Nor was it Haruki's fault.

Nor was it Setsuna's fault... but, she did miss something.

Kazusa's feelings were not a lie at that moment.

Kazusa held their friendship dear at that moment.

She accepted Setsuna as her best friend.

However, Kazusa couldn't choose whether her friendship or her romance took priority.

—*It's my fault.*

Setsuna accepted it as such, even though it was a blunder, and she hadn't any responsibility.

As if she had asked for too much.

As if it was too much to suggest in the first place to *"share the same feelings toward the same person as best friends"*.

If it was a love that wouldn't reach anyone, then Setsuna's wish probably would have been granted.

If it hadn't reached, they could've talked about their feelings for him, ridiculed them, be jealous of them, share them, laugh about them, be angry about them, and cry about them. And then the two would have deepened their friendship as women, and deepen their affection for him...

Setsuna would have been satisfied enough with that *"middle school love"*.

But in a twist of irony, the love that the two had for him would probably be able to reach him now, regardless of who it was that reached out.

Because he was someone who was so direct when it came to anyone... when it came to girls.

And in his directness, he would grant upon them, them especially, words that were so sincere and natural.

Well, perhaps the attitude he had towards both of them would have a slight difference. Perhaps the words he had would share just a bit of resentment. However, this was a chance for Setsuna...

— — *I've decided.*

But she had stopped short of figuring what would happen.

Because she didn't want to reach this conclusion that she didn't want to know about.

If she did reach it, then she should sooner...

— — *I'm going to give up on Haruki-kun.*

And support Touma-san.

"... W-Wha...?"

She could hear just a bit of the liveliness from the campus grounds, coming from the complete darkness of the open window.

Those that were attending had begun to pack up and leave, and only the students from this school would remain to prepare for the final day of the school festival.

But Setsuna didn't care much for what was happening outside, continuing to gaze upon the gentle, sleeping face in front of her.

— — *This is fine.*

Touma-san and Haruka-kun should get closer little by little.

Little by little, and become lovers.

... however, she didn't give a thought as to her own feelings.

— — *It's fine, it's fine if it's them.*

Because he promised.

Haruki-kun said he wouldn't ever leave me out.

Being left out of the group of three...

She desperately looked for what it was she left out herself.

Maybe Touma-san doesn't like me all that much.

Just that, she became my friend because of Haruki-kun.

But even that's fine.

Because she'll definitely listen to whatever it is he has to say.

Even if she complains about every single thing he says, she'll definitely work hard for his sake. She'll endure it.

... she'll get along with me like she has so far.

Because she really, really likes him.

Because she likes him so much, as long as she's with him, she won't feel so lonely.

Nothing moved other than time for a brief period, and then Setsuna finally put her hands slowly on her knees.

... she drove away thoughts about why it was she placed her hand there.

—*It's fine as long as the three of us are together.*

No, that's exactly what I wish for.

Because... it's fine, if Touma-san and Haruki-kun are dating.

Because he's the only guy that Touma-san has been watching since the beginning.

She has that right.

I don't have any kind of chance of winning against her.

That's why, that's why...

"Oh my... geez..."

And then her hands gripped her knees strongly, as she slowly rose...

Even so, her body would not get up, being scolded by her confusing words.

— —I'll just go home, and leave Haruki-kun like this.

And tomorrow, greet them both with "Good morning" with a happy face.

Because today's stage performance was engraved into our memories.

And Touma-san would most definitely respond with a "Y-Yeah..."

... because she touched his lips like that today.

"What should I do...?"

— —Because I'd laugh at her being so worried like that.

Giggling, and provoking her anxiety more and more.

And she'd probably realize the reasoning behind my strange attitude.

No, maybe I could even let it slip.

Like, "I saw that last night!"

"I'm so, stumped..."

— —And then she'd cast her eyes down with such a red face.

Maybe she might be even half-crying or something.

... yup, that'd be such a fun and interesting future, wouldn't it?

The expression on the cold and cool Touma Kazusa would be so embarrassed she'd want to disappear...

I'm sure it'll be so cute, I wouldn't be able to handle it.

"Why, I wonder...?"

—It'd be quite upsetting making her suffer that, though.

You reap what you sow, right?

This sort of joke would be natural, right?

After all, she hasn't got a clue what she's doing.

She said so this morning.

She lied so badly, saying she had no one she liked.

"You didn't say anything... you didn't say anything, did you, Touma-san...!"

—She didn't try to stop my feelings for him.

She didn't accept my declaration...

That moment, Setsuna had finally realized.

That she wouldn't be able to leave that spot no matter how hard she tried.

That her own voice trembled because she'd been holding it in.

That her vision began to blur from the water droplets falling to the floor in front of her...

—Even though I wouldn't have a chance of winning if you were serious.

Even so, why is it now, now of all times, that I'm starting to get serious...?

Even though today was so fun and so great...

Even though I could put an end to this moment for the rest of my life, why is it that it moves forward...?

"... n-no... t-that's not...!"

Only her crying voice colored the silent music room, filled with sadness, irritation and resentment.

Setsuna knew "full well" what would happen if he were to wake up now. Even so, she could no longer stop this explosion of these small feelings she had, even though it didn't burst out so strongly.

——You're cruel, Touma-san.

You should have confessed to him sooner.

You should have done so while I was still out of the way.

If you did, I'd be peeved and grumble about it, and maybe even cry a little.

I'd worry both you and Haruki-kun, tormenting the two of you more and more.

And in the end I'd regain my footing, and accept the two of you as you would be.

And then I'd be able to quell these small feelings of mine.

"I can't, I can't... why, why...!?"

Her body wouldn't follow the voice in her mind.

At some point, her body rebelled so much, that her mind started following her body.

——I'm crying, aren't I...?

I'm crying because of the feelings growing for the friend I've fallen in love with.

I'm crying in front of the friend I've fallen in love with.

I'm crying because I couldn't give her my blessing as a friend.

Which was why Setsuna...

——*I'm so cruel, aren't I?*

I'm the worst.

Was in disgust with both her mind and her body.

"!? Uh... wha...?"

Whether it was because of the sound of someone laughing from the classroom, or the sound of a truck engine moving into the campus grounds...

"Touma...?"

Haruki swung his head back and forth, wondering why it was no one woke him up until now, slowly opening his eyes.

Afterward, he would stare at everything in the classroom in front of him, probably because the scene he remembered sleeping in was quite different from what he saw now.

For example, he recalled that the second music room was supposed to be more soaked in the light of the setting sun, filled with such gentle tones, and...

"She went home...?"

"She" was supposed to be beside him...

"Good morning."

"!?"

What kind of feelings would he have for the voice that interrupted his gaze as if he were watching a far-off dream, as if he were contemplating something.

"Good morning, Haruki-kun. And thanks for your hard work."

"Setsuna...?"

He couldn't really tell it was her at all.

It's just that, she understood. It was as if her own image wasn't reflecting in his eyes.

She understood how she would naturally react when her mind and heart didn't want to accept that reality.

"U-Umm... what happened with the classes?"

"They finished long ago. It's already 6 PM."

... in other words, she didn't understand a single thing.

"... it's already that late? I've really been sleeping..."

"Indeed. It's been thirty minutes since I got here."

Yes, Setsuna did come here thirty minutes ago.

"At least wake me up."

"Don't wanna."

During that time, she desperately held back herself using a handkerchief, and somehow her red eyes had managed to return to normal.

... which was why she wouldn't wake him up.

"You don't have to be so worried about me. Besides, both of us are tired..."

"If I did, then I wouldn't be able to enjoy your sleeping face, Haruki-kun. It's such a waste."

"Wha...!?"

"....."

She wouldn't have been able to smile in front of him like this, putting on such a desperate act.

"It's a joke, right?"

"....."

"Please tell me that's a joke."

"Hehe..."

"Please! Tell me you're just pulling my leg!"

"Aha... no way~, no how~!"

However, her deception was such a victory against Haruki, who had only just woken up.

Which was why Setsuna loathed herself so much, putting on such a mischievous smile and devilish words.

"Fuaaaaahhh~... ow, ow, ow, ow! Ah~, my body hurts all over..."

"You've done quite a bit today. No, not just today, this whole week."

She loathed herself for lying to Haruki.

She loathed herself for possibly lying to Kazusa.

... and she loathed herself for acting on her own desires.

"But Setsuna, even you've been... huh?"

Yes, like the coat that happened to be hung over his shoulders. That was a symbol of it.

"This is yours, Setsuna?"

"My mom brought it. I didn't go home at all yesterday, so she wanted me to wear that."

"..... indeed, I'm really sorry about all this."

Certainly Haruki thought that she put this on him thirty minutes ago.

But that was a lie. She only covered him just now.

"I'll give this back. Really, I'm sorry. This is something a man should do..."

Because Setsuna couldn't even worry about how he was doing for a while after coming here.

She had left behind that cold feeling of hers, where she cried, had broken into pieces, and completely burned herself up.

"Not at all. You've definitely done your part as a guy, Haruki-kun."

Which was why putting the coat on him was a part of the plan.

To draw him back to her.

To make him "misunderstand" her as a gentle girl.

Besides, what it was that she was doing, was something that couldn't be considered "*gentle*", but rather could be a complete act of betrayal.

... because those dark thoughts passed her mind for just a brief moment.

"You gave me courage. Courage so I could go up on that high stage, face so many people, and yet enjoy myself as I sang."

"I didn't... not at all."

Just as she predicted, as she turned her back, Haruki would come and put her coat on her shoulders.

Reveling in these calculated developments, she again loathed her own wickedness.

"It was so fun~!"

"Ridiculous, yeah."

But, no matter how much she did, no matter how much she despised her cowardice, she wouldn't let up on her performance of *"still being dragged by the excitement of the stage even now"*.

"I was so tense when I sung in front of everyone, but once I passed that point, it feels like I'll never ever stop."

Because if she cried now, everything would fall apart.

"Yeah, I can remember even now. I sung, shining in that spotlight..."

But if she gave up right now... certainly one day, everything would fall apart.

She imagined a dazzling light ahead of her, but she couldn't see past it.

"... speaking of which, it didn't really follow me, did it?"

"That's just a minor detail. No one really cares about that."

"Aaah~... the cheering is still ringing in my ears. I'll probably never forget it. It's like I'm still in a dream when I close my eyes."

Even if she did clearly remember the voices she heard, it'd be that of Kazusa's grief and exclamation, and... her own bitterness.

"Then, you wanna sing again? As long as you and Touma are here, then I'm sure we can even go onto a bigger event..."

"Hey, Haruki-kun..."

"Hmm?"

"We'll be together from now on, right?"

Which was why Setsuna, well, in order to escape the lights and sounds that chased her, she believed she was the worst, losing herself in such a trustworthy path.

"... if Setsuna's fine with it..."

"You're going to Houjou University, right? Humanities? What program?"

"Eh? Well, right now I'm planning to go into social sciences..."

"Mmph... what about English?"

"Well, I'm bad with English. Relatively speaking."

"I'm also bad with politics and economics. Absolutely speaking."

Her perfect, fawning selfishness was something she would have never acted on at this moment.

"We don't have to push ourselves with what program we go into. We're going to go to the same university, so we'll see each other every day like now."

"Every day is also important but, maybe what time each day is also important."

A barrier put up to block out someone else, as if they were in a world where it was just the two of them.

"Besides, there are plenty of lectures in the general program that are common between others. Why the rush to choose so quickly?"

"That's... well, you're... right..."

She knew she was too impatient.

She knew what she said was confusing.

"More importantly than that, we have to promise for now. Even when we go on to university, the three of us should do something. Setsuna, Touma, and me..."

"....."

"Setsuna?"

"Be with me, Haruki-kun."

"Huh? Yeah..."

She knew from the start that she was being different than she usually was.

She was irritated with Haruki not trying to understanding her confusion.

"Even when we go to university, move to second year, third year, and even if we change programs..."

"Setsuna?"

"Even if I repeat a year, and Haruki-kun becomes my senior..."

"You won't be repeating if you do things normally..."

Like asking why it was that she took such a vague attitude.

Like scolding her and telling her to get a grip of herself.

Like rejecting her, saying it's impossible.

"Just if, just if... umm, well see..."

She knew Haruki couldn't do that sort of thing to begin with. Which was why she feared what she was, desiring something so unreasonable...

"Just calm down. I'll turn on the light now..."

"Don't!"

"!?"

Setsuna's hand grabbed Haruki unconsciously, enveloped in anguish.

"Don't... my dream will end..."

Her mind kept racing back and forth, no longer able to stop her body from moving forward.

"Hey, Haruki-kun."

"Setsuna...?"

Setsuna's finger entangled itself with each one of Haruki's.

Using her passion, her kindness, and her warmth to "seduce" him.

The "woman" inside Setsuna...

"I want to continue watching this dream today."

— *Don't, don't.*

You mustn't watch this dream.

"The spotlight shining on me, the huge cheering coming at me, as I enjoy singing the song I love..."

— *I mustn't think of the future I wish for.*

I cannot forgive even that.

"Even so, everyone would enjoy it..."

— *I can't believe I would betray my friend.*

It's been only half a day, you know?

She could become the best friend I've wished for this whole time?

"I'd admire the person I'd like... then I'd get caught up, and ask him to, reward me..."

The "girl" inside Setsuna desperately tried to oppose this.

"And if I did, he'd give a bitter smile, and kindly embrace this affectionate me..."

But her body's "ears" wouldn't listen, only following her desires.

"Setsu... na..."

"... but, this is a bit different than what I imagined, isn't it?"

She put her hand on her chest, and burrowed her forehead into his.

"Though I didn't really plan for me to be approaching you like this."

... of course, she dropped her coat on purpose.

At the very least, she wouldn't feel as guilty for Haruki embracing her cold figure like this.

— *But, but.*

What if, what if I didn't do anything?

What if Touma-san's feelings reach Haruki-kun?

Would I be able to bear being with the two of them then?

"I'd be absolutely passive... I'd be a bit surprised, but since I'd have been waiting for so long, I'd probably be fine with it..."

— *No, that's wrong. She'd definitely be hurt.*

And because she's so innocent, and because she really loves him.

It'd be painful for me to be with the two of them.

And then, I'd hate myself for thinking like that.

... just like right now.

"... that kind of convenient, nice dream, you know?"

— *That's why, the first one to move would be Haruki-kun.*

As Touma-san's boyfriend, and as my friend.

Accepting her confession, and protecting his promise with me of "never leaving me".

... I'm sure I'd end up putting a bit of distance.

..... leaving them, in order to never leave them.

"Oh well... it's my fault for not really understanding myself, isn't it?"

"Ah..."

——*No, no, I don't want that.*

I don't know why it is that I don't want that.

No, there are so many reasons why I don't, it's just that I don't know the main reason why.

"Hey, Haruki-kun..."

Finally, her mind began to follow the same path as her body.

"It's fine if you, avoid me..."

"Setsuna... I..."

Following her instincts, only affirming the desire boiling up in her...

"....."

"Ah..."

And with just the right timing, closed her eyes.

... with such perfect timing that kept him from running away, it astounded her.

"Are you... sure...?"

Even so, she felt an intense envy for the faltering girl inside him.

This was the third time she hated herself for allowing such an unsightly emotion reach her mind.

"Are you really fine with me...?"

"....."

And then at the end...

—*In order for the three of us to be together, I have to do this.*

Certainly that was something she truly felt, there was no logic or confidence in its conclusion, even now. She closed her eyes, blocked her ears, and devoted herself to her heart.

"Setsuna..."

"Mmm... mm..."

... only her lips opened up a bit.

—*Ahh, ahh...*

I... did it, I did... it...

".....!"

"Mmm, mm... nnnngg...!"

—*I'm so, cruel.*

I'm so, selfish.

"Ha, aa... mmph, aah, mmm..."

"Ha, aa... aa..."

—*While knowing how Touma-san feels...*

No, I do this because I know how strongly she feels.

For my feelings to build up because of my love rival's emotions.

I'm such a cruel woman, it's unbelievable.

"Mmm... mmch... ah, fuua... aaaa..."

"Aaah, aaa..."

— — *But, but...*

The first one who went ahead, the first one who lied was...

"Haa, haa, haaaa... a, ahaaa..."

".....!"

— — *Ah, ah, ah...*

Haruki-kun's, breath.

Is coming, into me.

It's building up inside my mouth.

Along with the feeling of his lips.

The first taste of this forbidden fruit was so sweet to Setsuna, it was unbelievable.

It was sweet, glistening, and, a bliss.

This sweetness of his felt so good to her that, from the bottom of her heart, she couldn't make fun of Kazusa's sweet tooth any longer.

— — *His breathing... is amazing.*

His breath pours into me, and I'm so, tense.

I wonder if he's also tense.

Or did I send my tension back to him? I wonder which it, is...

Was it because it was a fruit that she was forbidden from taking?

Or because she desired it from the bottom of her heart...?

— *Ahh, how could I...*

How could I, do something like this?

I betrayed Touma-san.

I took Haruki-kun with such wicked feelings.

"Haaa... mmph, mm. A, aha...ahaha..."

"Haa... ah..."

— *But you know. But...*

"I'm sorry... Haruki-kun."

"Why... apologize?"

— *Why, I wonder?*

And yet.

And yet, I kissed him so genuinely.

"Because..... it's my first kiss."

"Setsuna..."

— *And yet, why, why am I so happy?*

Happy that I'm the first girl he's had?

Happy that I'm the first girl in his heart?

Her delight quivered.

Right now, Setsuna indeed yearned for these intense feelings in her chest.

— *Ahh, Haruki-kun's...*

I took in Haruki-kun's saliva.

I'm sure, it's something that Touma-san, hasn't even done yet...

She let her body decide on those strong, yet dirty feelings that described her love for him and not wanting to let go of him.

—The throbbing in my chest is so comfortable.

My forehead, is hot.

His wet lips felt great.

..... I'm, his first, girl.

That moment, Setsuna entered the same state of mind as Kazusa...

All this time, Kazusa had felt the same, strong feelings.

Setsuna could no longer even speak ill of herself.

Because if she did, she would also deny Kazusa, who was enveloped in the same feelings.

"I'm sorry..."

Which was why now, even more than a war cry over such a dark victory...

She was a devil that could only say words enveloped in apologies.